

THE
A M A Z O N

OR
Female Courage

Vindicated and asserted from the Examples

O F

Several Illustrious Women,

Address'd to the Ladies of

Great-Britain, and

I R E L A N D on the Present Occasion.

A N D

Humbly Inscribed to the Countess of

C H E S T E R F I E L D.

By JAMES EYRE WEEKS, late of the University.

F A M I N A Dux fatis.

Virg.

D U B L I N.

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THE
A M A Z O N
OR
Female Courage, &c



Virg.

O H Chesterfield ! to thee an *Irish Muse*
(Untaught in Courts) for thy Protection
While our **HIBERNIA** is your *Consort's*
While we the blessings of his Sceptre share,
Accept the *Tribute* we wou'd fondly Pay,
While at a Distance she presents her Lay,
Of *Female Magnanimity* she sings,
Proud of the *Theme*, she prunes her trembling Wings,
New is the Subject, Happy is the *Choice*,
If *Chesterfield* but deigns to hear her Voice,
Fain wou'd she offer something more refin'd,
Worthy thy Taste, and suited to thy Mind,
But she unknown to Palaces, and Kings,
Far far from Patrons unregarded Sings,
Yet will not gentler *Chesterfield* refuse,
The well-meant *License* of the *bonely Muse*,
But, like kind I' av'n, a Smile propitious Deign,
Accept th' inten... or the *Gift* disdain,

Ye fair of *Britain*, and *Ierne's Isle*,
Reward your Poet with a fav'ring Smile,
From *valiant* men he his Pattern draws,
Who gain'd t... Courage earlier times Applause,

Nor does he think but in these latter Days
The fair, (if Honour call'd) wou'd win our Praise.

If danger threat'n'd, Women would be brave,
Who kill in Peace, in War have Hearts to Save,
Woman, by Education tim'rous form'd,
Wou'd (train'd in War) a Citadel have storm'd,
Wou'd rally Armies with a martial Voice,
Irresolute by Habit, not by Choice,

Tho' Constitution oft may interfere,
Tis Education only damps the fair,
Since from the infancy of Time till now,
A Female Courage Histories avow,
Pens of all Ages in the Truth agree,
And Bards record their Magnanimity,

DID not fair Deborah a Host pursue
When she the force of Sisera o'erthrew ?
Have we not read of Amazons of Old,
How great in War, how resolute and bold ?
When near the banks of Thermodon they lay,
And drew their Armies forth in dread Array ?
Say of what fearless Souls were they possess'd
Who cou'd cut off the Female Infant's Breast ?
Left, when in Woman's Vigour it shou'd grow,
It's heavings might impede the steady Bow.
From their bar'd Arm the feather'd Arrow flies
Mortal as those which sally from their Eyes.
The brave Thalestris for her Deeds renown'd,
A Match for Alexander's Arm was found,
Subdu'd in War, she conquered him in Love,
An armed Pallas worthy of a Jove,
The brave Hippolita a Theseus Won,
And great Alcides fought his Amazon,

I

The A M A Z O N.

Thus did the Race of *Amazons* pursue
Conquests of *Myrtle*, and of *Laurel* too ;
What mighty Deeds, surpassing our belief
When valiant *Artemisia* was their Chief !
See ! to the aid of *Xerxes* her Ally
In glitt'ring Steel the Female Warrior fly !
And while she met the fervour of the War
The tim'rous Monarch view'd the fight afar,
In *Troy*'s fam'd Siege, as old Historians write,
Penthesilea led her Troops to fight,
And when the *Trojans* with *Aeneas* fled
Turnus his Foe receiv'd *Camilla*'s aid,
Early were those in harden'd Virtue bred
Nor knew the *Toilette*, or the *Noon-day bed*
Strangers to dress, except when *Arms* adorn,
They rouz'd the Boar, and hunted all the Morn,
In pamper'd Arts of *Luxury* unskill'd,
With *Appetite* they eat the game they kill'd
To quench their thirst they drank the healthy stream
And thence to *War* with double Vigour came,
No Cold they fear'd, but thro' the Mountain Snow
Sought recent Spont, or dar'd the distant Foe,
Averse to *Man* and all the Toys of *Love*
To take his *Head*, and not his *Heart* they strove
Yet to keep up their else declining Race,
Once in the Year permitted his embrace.

The Story of J A E L.

WHEN *Sisera* declin'd th' unequal fight
His Army slain himself reduc'd to flight,
Closely pursu'd, to *Jael's* Tent he flies,
Destin'd to fall a *Woman's* Sacrifice,
Hot from the fight, and languid from his Foes,
She gave him drink, and left him to Repose,

Her

Her Country's Int'rest throbbing at her Heart,
She vow'd to act a more than *Woman's* part,
Shou'd she Protect a Foe to all her Race,
By Heav'n devoted to the fatal Place?
No with a Soul unshaken she repairs,
Uncheck'd by tremors, or unseemly fears,
To find a Death; No warlike Arms she saw
No Launce to pierce him, nor a Sword to draw,
Her firm resolves cou'd more than *Arms* prevail,
When lo! the fatal *Hammer* and the *Nail*!
Arm'd with the *Nail* to *Sisera* she flies
Her right Hand to the *Hammer* she applies,
Enchain'd in Sleep the hapless *Gen'ral* lay,
Who 'scap'd whole *Legions*, fell a *Woman's* Prey,
Just where the temp'ral Pulse is seen to move,
The *Nail* with stroke impetuous she drove,
Doom'd from a *Female* Arm his fate to meet,
He bow'd, he fell, he languish'd at her Feet,
The Action claim'd a Poetess's Tongue,
A Woman conquered, and *a Woman* sung:
Illustrious Matron! fondly wou'd my Lays
Joyn in the Triumph of thy matchless Praise,
Check'd by thy Worth, I dare Attempt no more,
Nor soil that Virtue sung so well before.

'The Story of J U D I T H .

L E T *Juditb*'s Name next grace my votive Rhime,
The bravest as the fairest of her Time,
Juditb, whose Beauty equal'd not her Sense,
Whose Charms were but her lowest Excellence,
Those Charms she made subservient to her Mind,
Her Country's great Deliverer design'd,
What Time th' *Affyrian* Monarch sent his force
His num'rous Infantry, and warlike Horse,

With

With mighty *Holofernes* at their Head,
 When to *Betulia's* Gates, the Host he led,
 Flush'd with preceding Conquests, he sat down
 And straight Cut off the Water from the Town,
 Their Streams exhausted, and their Cisterns dry
 For quick redress, the murm'ring People cry,
 Aloud they call'd upon the Rulers first,
 To yield the City, e'er they dy'd of Thirst,
 That 'twas of two the eligible Ill,
 To live in Slav'ry, e'er the Thirst shou'd kill,
 Driv'n to such Streights, the Governors propose
 That *Heav'n* was all sufficient to their Woes,
 And that if *Heav'n* within five Days declin'd
 To send relief, the Town shou'd be resign'd ;
 Content with this Remonstrance, they were still,
 And all attended to th' *Almighty's* Will,

BUT *Judith* her indignity express'd
 Against the Counfel, and the Chiefs address'd,
 Shewing that 'twas a diffidence in *Heav'n*,
 A daring Insult, not to be forgiv'n,
 To limit out it's Mercy to a Day,
 Or fix a bound from which it shou'd not stray,
 Desponding Men, to Circumscribe it's Pow'r
 Whose Will conducts an *Age*, as well as *Hour* !
 Whose prescient Eye intuitively sees
Time rolling on to finish his Decrees,
 Will ye permit a *Female* Tougue to plead ?
 Her Counfel follow'd, shall your Cause succeed,
 Know that high *Heav'n* has doom'd a *Woman's* Arms
 To free your Country, and avert it's harm,
 Still keep your City, nor my Thought require,
 I'll bring ye Safety, e'er the Days expire,

Permit

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Permit me with my hand-maid to depart,
Revenge, my Arm, and *Freedom* prompts my Heart,
Thus spoke the lovely *Orator* approv'd,
Her *Wisdom* honour'd, as her form belov'd,
First to th' *Almighty* Ruler having pray'd,
She quits the Town, attended by her Maid,
With Curious Dress, she had improv'd her Frame,
The Souls of the beholders to Inflame,
She flung her now neglected Weeds aside,
As doom'd to share the Transports of a Bride,
And with Design she bends her artful Way,
Where the first Guards of the *Affyrians* lay,
The curious Guard her beauteous Form admir'd,
Whether she went, or whence she came, enquir'd,
To whom she answer'd, that her chief Intent
Was to be brought to *Holofernes'* Tent,
That she had Matters worthy of his Ear,
For that the Ruin of his Foes was near ;
Pleas'd with her Errand, to his Tent they send
The beautious Mischief, but the seeming Friend,
Soon as the *Gen'ral* saw the charming *Snare*,
His Soul was captivated to the Fair,
While she assur'd him with a sweet Address,
That *Heav'n* thro' her wou'd give his Arms Success,
For that th' *Almighty* had declin'd the Cause
Of the *besieg'd*, for breach of sacred Laws,
That early warn'd she fled her *People*'s fate,
Their Ruin, and his Triumph to relate ;
Her form his Eyes, her Words enslav'd his Ear,
He bids his Slaves a splendid Feast prepare,
Near him beneath a Canopy of State
In graceful Pomp the fair Deceiver fate,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd that such Beauty had his Cause espous'd
 The am'rous Gen'ral plenteous Cups carous'd,
 And sure to sate his Passion with the Fair,
 His ravish'd Soul suspects no Danger near.

'TWAS Night, and all but *Judith* were remov'd,
 That fatal Night he fell by her he lov'd,
 By thousands guarded doom'd a *Woman's* prey
 Stretch'd on his Couch the sleeping *Gen'ral* lay,
 When lo! she saw, to prompt her great Design,
 Beneath his Head the glitt'ring faulchion shine,
 First having *Heav'n* invok'd with solemn Pray'r,
 She feiz'd great *Holofernes* by the Hair,
 Then with her right Hand lifts the shining Blade
 And at a blow struck off the *Gen'ral's* Head,
 Amidst his Thousands unsuspecting harm,
 He fell the Victim of a Female Arm,

WHO would not then be *Judith* in a Cause
 That clasp'd her *Country*, *Liberty* and *Laws*?
 What *Female* Heroine wou'd not now cut down
 A bold *Pretender* to her *Monarch's* Crown?
 Who wou'd not, if the Motive were alike,
 Convert the *Needle* to the martial *Pike*,
 Support their *Husbands* in the doubtful fray,
 Or rally *Sons* to win the glorious Day,
 Their *Daughters* with a warlike Soul inspire,
 To Conquer, or for *Liberty* Expire,
 Nay teach the Infant suckling at the Breast
 How dear the milky Treasure he possess'd,
 To let him know it was by *birth-right* due,
 And make him seem to Conquer for it too.

II JY 63
 F I N I S.